



T O M O R R O W



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Summary: It was defeated, but the fight wasn't over. The most important battle, the battle for Eddie's life, was still ahead of them, and none of the Losers was about to give up. And especially not Richie.

Tomorrow

"Richie, please, we have to go!" cried Bev as Mike and Bill tried to pull him away from the body. The situation was critical and the mayhem around them kept getting worse and worse; the wind was so deafening that Beverly could barely be heard despite shouting her heart out, and the whole place was just falling apart.

But Richie wouldn't listen. "He is breathing!" He was clinging to Eddie's chest as if his own life was depending on it. "I swear, he is breathing!"

"We need to go *now*!" emphasized Ben, covering his head with his hands just as a huge heap of rocks fell right behind them. "Just take him with you!"

Mike didn't hesitate for a second. "Bill, let's go!" he yelled, and let go of Richie to grab unconscious Eddie instead. Bill followed him right away. Both men threw Eddie's arms over their necks and together took hold of his body. "One, two..." Bill started counting, and as he came down to "three", they grunted heavily, lifting him.

"Come on, Rich." Beverly took Richie's hand and pulled him towards the exit. "It's now or never."

Choking on his tears, Richie stood up. He glanced at Eddie as if he wasn't sure that they really wouldn't leave him, but the clenched lips and fired with determination eyes of the two Losers carrying him assured Richie there was nothing to worry about. Bill looked him straight in the eyes and nodded. "If you say he's breathing, then he's breathing."

Only then Richie took off.

Forcing their way through the churning waves of greywater and trying to not stumble over the crumbling ground, the six of them put all the strength they had left in finding their way back to the surface. As the foundations of the underground corridors, which once seemed so solid, now were falling apart and tumbling around them, the Losers had no other choice but to trust their instincts in order to get

out of the lair alive. The only little voice of logic they all jointly ignored was the one crying in the backs of their heads to let go off Eddie, whose bleeding unconscious body kept slowing them down. No matter how much trouble he was causing, the Losers held him tightly with no intention to let go. The once made bond that was tying them together for the past 27 years was too strong to be fought over with some basic, human fear and fatigue; if there was even a slight chance for all of them to get out of it in one piece, they would either do it or die trying.

But the death didn't come. Instead, after what felt like an eternity, all of them finally got out of the sewer. The house was still shaking in its foundations, threatening with collapse, but it didn't stop them from taking a quick second to let out a happy sigh at the sight of the rays of sunlight getting inside through the holes of the damaged walls. Only then, the Losers gathered the remaining strength and ran off the building, which sagged right behind their backs. Everyone fell onto the ground, panting from exhaustion.

"We did it," said Ben in disbelief. "We actually did it."

For a brief moment, they watched the construction to sink into the ground, feeling as if a heavy ballast was suddenly taken off their chests. All their adult lives were built upon the task of defeating It, leading them to this moment, and now that it happened they couldn't be more relieved. They made it. At least most of them.

Before anyone could say a word, Richie was leaning over Eddie's body, talking to him softly.

"Hey, Eds," he whispered. "We killed It. For real this time. There is nothing else to worry about. No more greywater, no more sewers, no more weird, fucking clowns. Finally, right?" He laughed nervously. "We're safe now. You're safe. And you can wake up, you know? I really want you to wake up. So-" Richie cleared his throat, holding back tears. "So please just do it. Please wake up."

"He's going to be fine, Rich". He heard Beverly's shaky voice. She crouched down next to him and put her hand on his arm. "Bill's calling an ambulance."

Ben looked at them in silence as Mike started checking for Eddie's pulse. No one was saying anything. They were too terrified of waiting, too focused on praying for his life. Losing one of their friends was more than enough, they couldn't manage to lose another. Especially not him. And not after they won.

"You are the bravest asshole that I have ever met." Richie squeezed Eddie's hand with his palms. "I want you to know that. Just in case if-" He clenched his lips, unable to form another word. But he didn't have to. At the same time, Mike raised his head from above Eddie's chest. His face was aroused as he opened his mouth to announce:

"Guys, I think he *is* breathing."